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VOL. 4. NO. 87.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUG. 24,

1861.

"THE REPUBLICAN QUEEN" VISITS LONG BRANCH.

See N. Y. Herald, Aug. 7.

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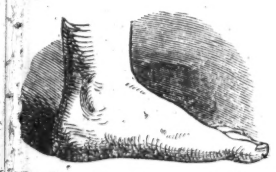

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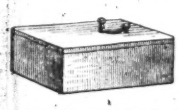

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THE FAIR INEZ:

—OR—

THE LONE LADY OF THE CRIMSON CLIFFS,

A TALE OF THE SEA.

EDITED BY ARTEMUS WARD.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XI.—THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

At half-past 3 o'clock on the day of the naval engagement so graphically described in our last, the battle clearly belonged to O'MULLIGAN. At fifteen minutes to 4 o'clock, however, the battle didn't belong to him as much as it did, so I suppose he was essentially defeated. The understanding had been that SCOVILLO would arrive at a certain period of the engagement with his brigade of negro chambermaids, but that distinguished corsair had become so deeply engrossed with a game of draw-poker that he forgot all about the battle until long after the eagles of victory had perched upon the glittering banners of the Unionists. He was strongly censured for his conduct, although he endeavored to explain by stating that his brigade had only enlisted for three months, and that if they had gone into battle some of them might have been killed. Some people, however, thought he ought to be hurled from the Tarpeian Rock. As we shall not have occasion to mention this pirate again, we may here state that he was killed a short time ago by accidentally falling over a barrel of whiskey while acting as floor-manager of a leap-year ball, given by some unmarried squaws of the Mackinaw tribe, of which association he was an Indian at the time of his premature demise.

The pirates were landed at Rahway, and took rooms at DE GRAW'S Hotel. The emperor of that town made a few feeling remarks on the occasion, and the Bard of Union County recited some ingenious verses, bringing in all their names. They were ordered to bed promptly at 12 o'clock every night, that being the rule of the jail, and were otherwise carefully cared for and taken care of.

The pirates all said if they had known what fine people they had been killing and confiscating, they would never have gone and done it; adding that it was impossible to subjugate such a government. O'MULLIGAN was stricken with horror at the idea of having imbrued his hands in fraternal blood, and remorse and pip preyed upon his vitals. The sagacious pirate was affected in the same way. "Why, boys," said he, "we've been fighting our brothers! How sing'lar! Lor' bless me!"

The pirates united in representing the rebels as being in a frightful condition, with no resources, provisions, arms, or anything. Besides there was a great Union sentiment in the South, particularly in the everglades of Florida, which only wanted developing to exhibit itself. O'MULLIGAN thought that if the Government would go kind of easy with the rebels for a spell, giving them time to consider how wrong it was to imbrue their hands in fraternal blood, they would ultimately rally round the federal flag. He was especially gratified to witness the efforts of those pure patriots who were endeavoring to establish a Peace Party in the North. Nothing, he said, could be finer than a Peace Party in the North.

The corsairs manifested such sincere repentance that they were finally released on taking the Oath of Allegiance, and O'MULLIGAN was appointed a Quartermaster in the federal army. Others of the pirates became army contractors, the army overcoat and pantaloons business affording ample scope for their peculiar line of genius. One pirate, with a diplomatic turn of mind, was despatched to Portugal to keep HARVEY straight; another joined the Young Men's Christian Association at Baltimore, and several others received clerkships in the various departments at Washington.

Thus the mists are rapidly rising from the marshes of this Romance, for this Romance has mists and marshes as well as that other story which is now attracting some attention in literary circles—I allude to Great Fluctuations by my friend and fellow-companion in the rosy walks of first-class literature, C. D. of Gad's-hill. While I would institute no invidious comparison, I may still be permitted to submit that my story is Mistier and Marshier than his. I will bet five dollars it is, anyhow.

It may not be generally known that all of us—DICKENS, BULWER, Old THACK, and the rest of us—have no idea of what we are going to write about when we commence our novels, and it frequently occurs that we don't know what we are writing about after we *have* commenced them. These are peculiarities of eminent authorship, and should excite no astonishment in any well-regulated mind.

CHAPTER XII.—INEZ.

We will now return to INEZ. As soon as O'MULLIGAN had got well to sea, that fair young creature resolved to make her escape. She accordingly raised a window on the ground floor and got out. Then walking quietly to the depot she bought a ticket and went home in the cars. Her escape was consummately managed, and reflected great credit upon her shrewdness and intrepidity. She did not get out with other passengers at the railway eating-houses for her meals, preferring to die a natural death.

Majestic scenery abounded along the route she had wisely chosen, and she could not but notice how assiduously the gentlemanly conductor, the indefatigable brakesman, the efficient engineer, and the urbane switchman performed their respective duties. It was the Broad Gauge route, and connected with steamboats for Slinkersville.

Her mother was glad to see her, (her father, it will be remembered, met a watery grave by being drowned in the first chapter of this story,) and the neighbors wanted to know "how much money she had laid up for a rainy day."

"Dear mother," said the fair INEZ, "I know your heart must bleed to see me come home without father!"

"Well, yes! rather. But he was awful on slapjacks? He'd eat forty on 'em at a single meal. But, poor man, he's eaten his last slapjack! Not another solitary slapjack will that poor drownded man never eat!" A tear glistened in the worthy widow's eye as she spoke.

"Pity he could not have died at home," said INEZ, "in his bed, surrounded by kind friends."

"If he had," replied the affectionate widow, "we would have got up a gay old funeral for him, I tell you!"

Weeks and months went by on leaden wings. Where was WILL SOMERS, the gallant sailor boy? Is my WILLIAM true?" she asked herself, one day.

"He is! he is!" cried a voice, and the young tar stood before her.

"WEELYUM!" cried she.

"INEZ!" cried he.

And they were locked in each other's arms, which it is a fine thing to do, my young readers.

"Well, if this ain't the crowner!" said the maiden's maternal parent, entering the room. "I was never so struck up in a heap in my nat'ral born days—faithful! Got any property, WILLIAM? Got a thousand dollars?"

"There is the sum twice told!" cried WILLIAM, casting a hefty purse of gold upon the floor. "Blush not to take it. There's not a coin that is not bought and hallow'd in the merchant marine service, reefing forecastles, splicing bulkhead jib-booms, and in the performance of other labor incident to a maritime pursuit!"

"All right," replied the maternal parent. "You may get married right away. Quicker the better."

The wedding day came. The village bells pealed merrily. The white-haired old clergyman and the invited guests had all congregated, when a chariot, drawn by four faithful trotting horses and driven by an honest horseman from the Union Course, Long Island, stopped suddenly at the door. The chariot contained O'MULLIGAN and the Sagacious Pirate! It did, upon my honor!

"Good people, make way!" said the sagacious pirate, brandishing a gold-headed club. "Room for his imperial highness PATRICO, O'MULLIGANO, lord of the swell-heads, king of Canal street, grand fiduciary of the bankrupt soap-boilers! Lo! a great man coming. Stag his nibs!"

"Silence, fool!" cried O'MULLIGAN. "My brave young sailor," he said, in a sweet voice, "I give her to you! Take her and be happy! Go to your WILLIAM, INEZ!" Then placing his hands upon their heads he said, in a voice choked with deep emotion and whiskey straight, "Bless you, my children! bless you!"

It was very affecting, though WILLIAM and INEZ were at a loss to precisely see what the reformed pirate had to do about it.

"And now," cried the sagacious pirate, running his fingers wildly through his hair and throwing his coat far back upon his shoulders—"now comes the touchingest scene of all! INEZ! INEZ! I now throw off the mask, worn so many years! I now reveal myself." Then seizing her frantically by the hand, he said, in a hoarse whisper, "You had a grandfather?"

"I did, I did! but he is dead."

"No, no! not dead, but lives—lives, INEZ, to enliven this festive scene with his brilliant presence, and to bless you on this auspicious day! I am he! I am your long lost grandfather! Come to my arms!"

She wept upon his bosom.

"Stop!" said the maiden's maternal parent, "how old be you, sir?"

"Eighteen," replied the sagacious pirate.

"Ah ha! ho, ho!" said the maternal parent, "now I've got you! INEZ is nineteen herself! You can't come no grandfather dodge over us. You are a impostuier!"

"Well," said the sagacious pirate, going up to 3rd rig entrance and biting his nails in a puzzled manner, "there is evidently a mistake here. But," he added, again embracing INEZ with much fervor, "let me be your adopted grandfather!"

"No, sir," exclaimed INEZ, "not any *adopted* grandfather for *me*. I want a good square American grandfather or none. That's my style!"

"Well, let it pass!" said the sagacious pirate. "Give us some rum and we'll call it square."

The reformed pirates drank heartily. O'MULLIGAN favored the company with a ballad, Mr. DIXEY of Sanford's Opera troupe playing an accompaniment on the "Bones;" he again blessed the happy couple, and then rode away with the sagacious pirate—the latter informing the company of his address, in case they should ever require a grandfather, or adopted relatives of any kind.

CHAPTER XIII.—AND LAST.

Before closing this romance, which has cost me many sleepless nights and much wracking of the Brain, it is my unpleasant duty to inform the reader that the artist who has attempted to illustrate my story, is a serpent! He is not only a serpent, but he lives in New Jersey. He has turned the whole thing into a farce, and by his gross caricatures has utterly destroyed the effect of many of my most beautiful and touching passages. For instance, WILLIAM SOMERS, a young and dashing sailor, the lover of the piece, and subsequently the husband of INEZ, is represented in the cut here with presented (I only noticed it just as the paper was going to press, when it was impossible to take the cut from the "forms," as a corpulent, baldheaded man, at least fifty years old! The fellow says he knew a man named BILL SOMERS, out in Illinois, several years ago, and that this is the same man! He says he knows that man a —— sight better than I do! I speak of this unscrupulous artist, who is doing his utmost to crush me, with mingled indignation and disgust, but out of regard for the feelings of the people who board him, I refrain from mentioning his name. A favorite "game" of his is to pick out some really fine looking man, and by going through some infamous sculping process, present him in this paper with his elegant and winning features distorted in the most fearful manner. I have lost all patience with this base man, and wish he would give up sculping and stay on his farm, out in New Jersey.

INEZ and WILLIAM were married and lived long and happily together. Their union was blessed with children. They now have sixteen—dear little prattlers, who are a great consolation to their bereaved parents. The mother of INEZ died in the course of time, making a touching allusion to her lamented husband's fondness for slapjacks just ere she died.

O'MULLIGAN naturally went to practising law, after the declaration of Peace. He is doing well.

The sagacious pirate became a showman, and traveled as the "Bearded Woman" for several years with great success, occasionally introducing himself as an only son of the Siamese Twins, and also as a reformed drunkard.

HOGANNI started an opposition post-office in a western city, and by selling postage stamps at a great discount he secured a large trade, and ultimately ran the regular post-office out of town. He sells three-cent stamps for two cents, making a still greater deduction where people buy by the wholesale.

Dr. BRIGGS is a dentist at Moosup, Ct., and is a fine operator upon human gums.

Mr. COE unintentionally dislocated his neck, a few years since, by falling from a scaffold in Illinois, a rope being twined about his neck at the time. There was a large crowd present, including the Sheriff of the County.

CHARLIE WILSON is publishing a daily paper in Waterford, Maine, having more subscribers than he knows what to do with.

Old JACK RYDER renounced the sea and accepted a professorship in Oberlin College. He also conducts a concert hall in that place, refreshments being handed round by beautiful Moorish maidens.

All the other characters of this romance are doing well, and so I leave them in the sunshine of their prosperity.

Gentle reader, has not my story a moral? Do you not see that honesty is the best policy, and that procrastination is the thief of time? Is not virtue its own reward, and should we despise a man who wears a ragged coat? Dress does not make the man, and try and lay up something for a rainy day. Live within your means! Pay your debts, and remember that the race is not to the swift. If you would thrive rise at five. Subscribe for your County paper!

Gentle reader, my story is done. It is hard to part, but try and bear up under it. Farewell, farewell!

Nothing New under the Sun.

In modern American, as in ancient Jewish history, the great hiatus may be considered as occurring at Manasseh's Gap.

Monarchy and Monachy.

The Monarch of France is giving French *Monachism the coup de grace*.

OUR NATIONAL SONG.

THE "Committee upon a National Hymn" from a mountain of MSS, have not succeeded in bringing forth even a mouse. VANITY FAIR is therefore almost in despair. In addition to this lamentable failure, and the consequent chagrin V. F. suffers from the fact, that among the army of poets and poetasters in this "land of the free and the home of the brave," not one could be found capable of meeting the expectations and critical judgment of so admirable a constituted Committee, it stands ready to weep tears of bitterness to find that it has been reserved to this facetious periodical to submit seriously to the public, the best attempt yet offered, (positively not to be included among the gilt-edged fifteen to be published by RUDD & CARLETON,) written by one of its talented corps, with one eye shut, one hand tied behind his back, with a pipe in his mouth and a cast in his other eye, and who is in such a state of affluence from the coffers of V. F. with its princely weekly allowance, that the bagatelle of Five Hundred Dollars, offered by the Committee, found no favor in his eyes.

To the 500,000 readers of V. F. we offer the following truly National Song, not Hymn, which can be obtained by every man, woman and child, for only SIX CENTS, and they can have the privilege of adapting it to their own music, or, if they prefer to do so, submit it to the leader of BARNUM's Devoted Band, (no connection with the one about forming down South) that band whose soul-stirring and truly original strains it is to be hoped every citizen of New York has heard daily for the last quarter of a century.

OUR NATIONAL SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNION, BY VANITY FAIR.

Of all the broad lands on this beautiful Earth,
And all the fair islands that smile in the Sea,
No spot is so dear as the land of our birth,
No country so noble, no people so free!
We are freemen, and mighty through Freedom alone,
United by ties that no tyrants can sever;
The State may be shaken, but never o'erthrown,
It shall stand in its grandeur forever!
Forever!
It shall stand in its grandeur forever!

We are proud of our country—Who would not be proud
Of its forests, its rivers, its mountains so grand,
And its patriot-heroes, whose souls never bowed
To aught but their God, and the laws of the land?
We are proud of our fathers—the blood that they shed,
And the freedom they won—Shall we part with it? Never!
Better die than live slaves, a disgrace to the dead,
They were free, and *we* will be forever!
Forever!
They were free, and we will be forever!

Then fling out our banner, the stripes and the stars,
The beautiful union of morning and night;
Our motto is "Peace," but we shrink not from wars,
As ready to die, as to live, for the Right!
We will fight to the death for the land that we love,
Foes without, or within, no dissensions shall sever:
And our last prayer shall be (angels, waft it above!)
"God bless our dear country forever!"
Forever!
GOD BLESS OUR DEAR COUNTRY FOREVER!

HARDEE MADE EASY.

Cavalry is a very fascinating subject, and has been the theme of poets and painters time out of mind. Of course, the classical reader needs not to be reminded that the mythical PEGASUS of old was in reality a dragoon officer of the period, and that the wings attributed to him by mythologists were merely emblematical of the fastness with which he lived and rode. There is a fine picture of him, by APELLES, in a beer saloon at the lower end of Houston street. It represents him watering his brown Morgan horse in the Pierian Spring, and winking in a dragoon-like manner at a buxom young daughter of some noble house in that district of the city, who is offering him a "havelock" for his helmet. Let us, then, continue to follow up, with cavalry, our pursuit of HARDEE, so long as we have any chance of running that person down.

Having devoted ourselves in the last two or three numbers, to the consideration of the recruit, we here take leave to digress into a few remarks regarding the proper physical developments for the cavalry soldier in general.

In the first place, never enlist a man for this service who is afflicted with the malformation of the lower extremities known as "knock-knees." Equally unadapted for the noble accomplishments of horsemanship and of skating, is the man whose legs form pretty severe obtuse-angled triangles when considered with reference to imaginary base-lines, drawn from the hips to the outer ankles. The candid reader, whose legs are straight, or curved slightly outward with a lovely sweep, will at once admit the absurdity of a person constructed upon opposite principles attempting to execute an "outside edge" movement upon the flashing skates. As an instance of the fallacy of similar build as applied to horsemanship, we will suppose the knock-kneed man dashing his horse at full gallop through a narrow gateway. Caught there, like AB'ALOM—only by the boots instead of by the hair—the rider is thrown violently backward to the ground, a bleeding mass, while the gallant charger careers fleetly away, up, or down the wind, as the case may be, full of horse-play at being thus rid of, instead of ridden by a knock-kneed man.

Men with short legs, of the round, or roly-poly build, are but ill adapted for the saddle. Many persons of this *physique* are eminently fitted for commercial pursuits. Some are calculated to shine in the circle of the learned professions—in the pulpit, at the forum, or among the genial cathartics and the enlivening pills. A few may succeed in art. But we have never met with a roly-poly person who was anything short of destructive to our peace of mind, from the moment he was shovelled up on a horse until the moment he was shovelled down.

But we are not all Admirable CRICHTONS. "There is a Providence that shapes our ends;" and the knock-kneed person and the roly-poly person must be content to forswear cavalry, and to bear themselves with mild dignity in that station of life to which it may please the same Providence to appoint them.

More *physique* in our next. We shall endeavor to make it as palatable to our readers as possible.

The Princely Joker Again.

We fear V. F.'s cultivation of Prince NAPOLEON, in New York, has led His Imperial Highness into habits of trifling with the English language.

At a recent diplomatic dinner given in his honor at Washington, some one casually remarked, that there were a number of LEES, officers in the Rebel armies.

"Then," said the Prince, "whiskey cannot be as you say it is, the favorite beverage of the Southerners."

"Why not?" asked President LINCOLN, curiously.

"Because," replied H. I. H., helping himself to a glass of sherry, "where LEES are so abundant, you know, there must be a great deal of wine!"

There was a general applause at this brilliant *jeu d'esprit* of the Prince, amid which, no one (save ourself) heard a moody secessiou Member of Congress at the foot of the table, mutter:—

"I fancy you'll find the w(h)ine increased to a roar, if you continue this war."

We smiled a peculiar smile at the moody M. C., which caused him to "secede."

Bucolically Picturesque.

The Congressional Cow-herds at Bull Run.

THE "GENTLEMEN" OF THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

Chivalrous Defenders of the Sacred Soil.—COME ALONG, JIM, IF YOU WANT FUN. THERE'S A LOVELY LOT O' WOUNDED DOWN THIS WAY, AND NOT A BIT O' DANGER!

A NEAT THING IN LIES.

For the straight and sinewy lie command us to ye Southern Rebel. From BEAUREGARD down to the meanest private in the Tuscumbian (Ga.) Rangers, the Confederates have demonstrated that in the matter of mendacity they can dive deeper, stay down longer, and come up fresher than any equal number of inhabitants of this terrestrial globe. Having drawn largely of late, (but by no means exhausted their resources,) upon the Lie Military and the Lie Financial, our Southern brothers have turned them to the contemplation of the Lie Social and Sympathetic. The finest exemplar perhaps, of this style that we have seen is contained in the correspondence of an Augusta paper. It is all about Mr. ELY, the Republican Congressman, who went out to Bull Run to be in the way, was nipped, taken to Richmond, and put in quod. "Mr. ELY," says our Augusta friend, "was visited a few days ago by Messrs. KEITT, BOCOCK, and PRYOR, who informed him that they called on an errand of mercy, and were desirous of doing something to better his condition, provided it did not conflict with the military regulations." So far this pretty tale is of the order Noble and Dignified. Presently it becomes the Lie Lachrymal and Affecting. Listen!—

"It is related that the earnestness of these gentlemen in their proposal, and their generous forgetfulness of old party lines, which always distinguishes the true Southern gentleman, affected the prisoner powerfully, and that, shedding tears, he flung his arms around them, and said that he had often heard of Southern chivalry, but he was now able to appreciate it fully."

Fancy, if you can, reader dear, Hon. ALFRED ELY, Member of Congress from Rochester, (N. Y.,) and father of a family, respectable, middle-aged gentleman who probably wears drab gaiters and carries a red silk pocket-handkerchief, imagine him, we say, tossing his arms wildly about the neck of the cantankerous KEITT, the bucolic BOCOCK and eke the puling PRYOR, and trickling tears of maudlin gratitude down the middle of their backs! Either picture to yourself this scene, or take advantage of that ingenious remark of the ribald philosopher: "O! my eye and BETTY MARTIN!" Both courses are open to you. All who are not habitual idiots will be apt to choose the latter.

Vanity Fair and Gen. Wool.

[*A Reminiscence of several of J. G. B–n–t's Editorials.*]

No finer instance, perhaps, of the immense political influence wielded by VANITY FAIR, could we desire to adduce than the recent appointment of Gen. WOOL to the command of Fortress Monroe and of the Eastern Department of Virginia. It will be seen by a reference to our files that we have steadfastly urged the government to this step. The result is now well known. What we have thus, single-handed, accomplished, our weak and contemptible contemporaries utterly failed in. In vain the *Herald* growled, in vain the *Tribune* muttered; useless were the threats of the *Times* and the faint squeakings of the incorruptible *World*. But when VANITY FAIR entered the field and drew its trenchant blade, the folds of Red Tape were severed at a blow, and the monster of Official Injustice lay dead at our feet. One of the ablest and bravest generals of the Republic, long rusting in inactivity, is advanced to a post where the mere fact of his presence will carry terror into the hearts of the foe. Had it not been for our exertions and the estimation in which our journal is held, not only by the Administration but by the People at large, Gen. WOOL would still be chafing in the Arsenal at Troy.

The circulation of VANITY FAIR has now reached the enormous number of 1,023,368 copies weekly. The public cannot fail to see the advantage of advertising in such a widely-circulated and influential sheet.

Quadrupedestrianism.

The French Zouaves, according to travellers, generally charge at a dog-trot. Ours, representing a faster country, prefer to charge at a Bull Run!

The Beam and the Mote.

The Rebel journals are howling like dervishes, at our "foul," "fiendish," "atrocious" and much-more-of-the-same-sort-ish, carrying of those (mythic) "30.000 handcuffs" into the field of Bull Run.

One of them says; "Heaven can never permit such fiends to trample laws, honor, and virtue in the dust!" And so forth... Wh—e—w!

We wonder what the virtuous, lawful, and honorable journal thinks of men who strip and scourge an innocent girl, ANNA GIERSTEIN, because she had the "fiendish," "atrocious," etc., courage to leave her Northern home for the purpose of bestowing some Christian enlightenment on the very-much-in-want-of-it "daughters of the South?"

But of course, according to his code, he thinks they are "perfect gentlemen," and very nice young men.

What a pity we can't agree with him!

An Irrepressible Joke.

A valorous Virginian, one THEODORE S. GARNETT, calls loudly through the *Richmond Whig* of 1st inst., for a regiment to be called the "Virginia and North Carolina Irrepressibles" to avenge the death of General ROBERT S. GARNETT, of Virginia, and Col. CHARLES F. FISHER, of North Carolina. V. F. begs them to beware, lest in the herculean attempt they may damage their Inexpressibles.

Union Medicine.

"The hospital at Fortress Monroe has been quite full, but nearly all the cases are now cured."—*Exchange.*

That proves the excellence of MONROE Doct'rin'!

To Recorders of Battles.

Give special attention to the Number Won.

IN A POSITION TO BE RECOGNISED.

THE CELEBRATED SEPOY JUGGLER AND ACROBAT, JEFF DAVIS, IN HIS DANGEROUS GLOBE FEAT

MRS. ROSS IN NEW HAVEN.

AUGUST 12th, 1861.

MR. VANITY :—I must say I never knowd nothin about hot weather afore. I thought of my man JEDEDIAH ROSS if he's sed ter me once he hes a thousand times, HITTY ROSS, keep cool, let things go, and theyl take keer of themselves, dont worry bout nothin these ere August days; remember its the reign of the dog star. Ide like ter know if there is the fust human critter that kept cool last week in New York. Talk about lettin things go and theyl take keer of themselves; fokes that dont no nothin ken say that. I ken tel um tant so. Every mortal thing wants double done to't. The milk gits sower, the pies git mouldy, and the fly's are as thick as hops, and onter, and inter every blessed thing; and fokes git sick, and the springs git rily, &c., &c.,&c. JEDEDIAH Ross is an easy critter by nater, but he misses my bein from hum the wust in the world. But he pittied SIMON so, he'd gin up any thing on this arth for him.

I never sed nothin about it, but SIMONS wife is so awful jenteel that nothin ter do but she must take their gal PRISSILLA MATILDA BARKER to Europe ter finish her edecation off. They hant got but two children. She thinks ther never was sich a child born as PRISSILLA MATILDA BARKER! BARKER was her maiden name; she's an Englisher. She says theyr boy SAMUEL WALLIS is all Ross; but he ant no sich thing. I ken tell you a tale woth a douzin ont. He's a Gineral; he's a great boy; he's a wonder. He's got blood. Mr. VANITY, you must think it curius I never sed nothin about my son's bein a marrid man, and hevin two children; twant coz I was afeard of heven you know I wos *granny*. Thank fortin I hant got a speck of that sort of pride stickin round me. Ter tell the truth I was a good deal worked up about SIMON'S wife goin to her fokes, and their boy bein turned out ter military school afore he was ten year old. But this war tells plain enough its best ter hev good solgers; and SAMUEL'S master hes turned out a legion on um ter fite for the nation, and that ant all he's done; he's gin them all sorts of book knowledge, and a notion of camp life, and *good manners*. I'll say that for him.

New Haven beats the pine woods to sleep in; you cant hear a ripple of nothin. Seems as ef nater was afeard ter make a noise. Wal, I got a nites rest ter last me a fortnite. I dident hear no milkman yellin at the break of day ter call folks up, jest ter git a little mess of milk, York fashion.

Ef I ever hed a streak of pride ter answer for, sence I was a thinkin woman, it was when my granson SAMUEL WALLIS come afore me and took off his solger cap and maid his obesence and called me grandmar. My old granser's council come up ter me: HITTY, my gal, ef you ever marry, marry blood and staminer, or die an old maid; for blood will tell, even on the third jineration. And here it was, bilin rite up afore me! The little critter is as straight as a whip stork, and his eyes are as blue as indego and as deep as a well. Sed I, master solger, ken you gineral Miss BISSEL and granmar around ter see the town? Yes, granmar, sed the little man brightoing up, Ive got my order from father; you git on your things and I'll be here. And sure enough he was. Wal, we rid round on jest the smoothest road, under the shady arches made by the elm trees bowin over ter one another a pretty considerble spel. Sed I ter Mis BISSEL, is every body ded in the place, or hev they gone ter the war, or what's ter pay? sich nice clean lookin houses you never see, there all wedged in among the trees and flowers, for sartin ther must be *sombody* round ter keep things so slick, but I hevent seen a human at winder nor door, nor even a grey cat nor a yallor dog on the door step. The next I knowd we landed in the depot. The big parlor was jam full of people. Sed I ter Mis BISSEL here's the towns fokes, arter all. Ime glad ter know thers sombody alive in the place. Spose theyve locked up ther houses and come down ter see the cars start. Mis BISSEL gin me a nudge, and that stopped me. She's alus afeard of her shader. The fokes was runnin in and out like ants in a sugar buckit, and taint likely none on um heerd me. No matter ef they did taint no harm. Bimeby our master general come and sed the train was ready, and so he piloted us through the crowd, and we got inter a car. I thought I was in a coalpit. I couldent but jest see my hand afore me; and sich a heat, and sich a smudge of smoke, I thought our time hed come. Arter a deal of snortin amongst the ingines, and a packin of human critters inter the car, off we scooted with a ker-hoop and a ker-whang; and ef I dident fetch a long breth! I thought I was let loose from bedlam. It want no time when lite come on us; and the world seemed span new, and all nater was a-doin her pootiest to make amends for our bein shet up in the dark. In less than an hour theyd dumped us down, and arter a glib ride in a carryhall we come to a beach house.

Your obedient servent,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—I must tell you a little tale, Miss BISSEL and me sot tergether in the car comin down here, and my granson found another seat on tother side, rite fare ter my view, with a nice pollished man that the conductor gentleman called docter. And you never see two critters more engaged than they was. SAMUEL WALLISES feters changed like the clouds on the mountin. Wal, when we got ter the house on the sound where we was a gunter stop awhile and go inter the river and eat fish, and sail around on the rock's, and kinder git out of the noise. Sed I, SAMUEL, what on arth was that gentlemen in the car tellin on ye? Why, granmar, sed he, straightenin up a foot highern common, he askt me ef I was gunter be a solger, and go and fite my brothers? I told him I hoped theyd git ther fite out before I was a man; but ef they dident Ide be ready. I go for the flag of WASHINGTON the father of our country! The docter sed it was the air we breathed that made our dispositions, and the people of the North hed a cool climate, and the Southerners hed a hot climate, that growd crockediles, and rattlesnakes, and lizerds, and we ought ter be charitable for theyr hot blood, becuz they couldent control theyr tempers.

Oh! granmar, sed the boy, I could hev told him that our Porter JOHN O'NEAL hed the wust temper in the world, and he was born where ST. PATRICK banished all kinds of snakes and vermin out of the land.

I cant rite any more jest now, ime goin to a spot called out of the world, jest ter git shed of hearin about war. Youl git a letter from me next week, depend ont.

M. R.

JONATHAN SEEING SERVICE.

Wal, *'taint* eg-zackly wut I s'posed;
But that ain't guntah make no odds;
I've gi'n my word; I'll deö my best—
The upshot on't ain't mine, but God's.

Things 'ave gone ruther rough, it's treüe;—
The grub's be'n-gittin' wus an' wus;
P'ison ain't dirtier than the camp;
Our life is one e-tarnal fuss.

It's pooty much all drill an' sweat,
An' scaöurin' up aöur belts an' arms
An' turnin' in, an' turnin aöut—
Confaöund them pesky false alarms!

But, heavens an' 'arth! is any *man*
A guntah make a fuss, to day,
That's read the way aöur fathers fit
An' suffered teöo, fur seven years? Say!

What ef we *ain't* haälf fed an' clothed?
What ef we *deo* git sick an' sore?
'Taint be'n so long; 'two'n't *be* so long;
Folks 'ave hed scrimpin' times afore.

The country's guntah back us up;
It's got the bearin's o' the case:
Bull Run, teöo, mus' be tried ag'in—
Withaöut the Run, 'cept it's in chase!

It's guntah be a big fight, though!
'Two'n't be no place to set an' shave!—
Jest tell yeöur folks that w'en it comes
Seceshionism hes got to cave!

We've took their measure; 'taint no use
A-talkin' on a settled p'int:
We'll mend the Union up so tight
JOHN BULL hisself can't find the j'int!

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS. 1861. *New-York:* SHELDON & Co.

It is good thing to be able to indulge in a little recreation occasionally, and it would perhaps be none the worse for the association with a country parson. The first series of these admirable papers V. F. has carefully enshrined in the cosiest corner of its library, where its successor will soon follow after it has been read and thoroughly digested.

Summer Complaint for '61.

Intestine War.

AN EPISTLE TO THE LONDON TIMES.

NEW YORK, August 19th, 1861.

To the London Times:

I am no statesman, and I never meddle with politics. But I have read your articles on American affairs, and as you wish to know what we Americans are growling about, and what we would have, permit me to explain.

We thought you might have seen that we are deciding the universal question of government against treason, and that other nations have something at stake in the matter. Hasn't your country any interest in it? Did you never hear of India, or possibly of Ireland? We thought, too—we see how foolish we were, but we did think so—that Freedom has the same friends everywhere, and that some lesser things might be given up for its sake. It is the Nineteenth Century over here—what is it with you? We didn't want your help, for we can fight our own battles; but we wanted your generous sympathy, and to see your blood quicken in your veins with ours as we went to our trial. Where should we have looked but to English hearts for this?

There is an adage that the truth is not to be spoken at all times. There are some persons, great newspaper, so uncharitable as to think that you have cut off the last word of this saying, and are practising the rest.

We remember Exeter Hall, and the Duchess of Sutherland, and Mrs. Stowe. Your countrymen have been very faithful to us; you have discussed us over your tea, and preached us in your pulpits. How many texts we have furnished you! We will not look at your skirts to see if they are spotless; we are sinners, and you have earned our gratitude for showing us up to ourselves. We have seen the lecturers and the societies, the tracts and the missionaries. I bow before such benevolence, but I fear some people who don't understand generalizing will say that when you cried out for Christianity you meant Commerce.

There was an Atlantic Cable once, and you laughed at us because we all went crazy with glee. It was very childish in us to do so, but we thought we saw a new star in the East, and that this link was going to bring our hearts closer to English hearts, and make us all brothers. When the Prince came to us we really saw a mediocre youth who wouldn't make much stir in any of our colleges, so inferior to yours; but he was the Prince for all that, and we all loved him, and purred over him for his mother's sake. But what have you said of us all along? Would it be barbarous if we should cry, *O Tempora!*

I don't want to say anything against your Prince—he is a very nice Prince. But war, you know, O *Times*, brings out harsh judgments, and people begin to inquire who their friends are. Criticism gets to be daring, and nothing is august enough to escape disparagement. Ill-natured persons have begun to speak disrespectfully of even you. They say—I can't help it—that you have had influence because you were not understood, and that you have led public opinion by the nose because public opinion knew no better than to let you. They hint that you are misty instead of profound; that your brilliancy is heavy and dull; that your sublimity takes one step too far; and that when you try to be wise you are only silly. In brief, they don't call you a philosopher, but they say you are a shining example of learned ignorance.

What have I been doing? A dreadful suspicion comes over me that you have been joking. It is really very funny, and I was stupid not to see it before. But let me advise you seriously to give up salting your articles—they will keep without—in our memories. Leave that to *Punch* and to me, who have no other ability than jesting. You may be a witling possibly, but not a wit.

Forgive my boldness, and let me look up to you.

Vanity Fair.

THE TRUE ARMY CHAPLAIN.

"The first report of the late disaster at Bull Run, was handed round at the Methodist Camp Meeting near this city, and, Rev. Mr. Cox—who was preaching at the time the intelligence was received—remarked, on closing his sermon, "Brethren, we had better adjourn this Camp Meeting and go home to drill." The suggestion was approved.—*Chicago Journal.*

O! the true Army Chaplain, a manly priest is he,
To the foe his lifted arm, to Heaven his bended knee,
He prays with the wounded soldier, saying: "Keep over ground,
To draw a bead, in case of need, when the foeman is around."
And the true Army Chaplain preaches—
"Never say 'die,'
But 'put your trust in Providence,
And keep your powder dry.'"

And, the true Army Chaplain, is he worse than the other kind,
Who preach down a Sunday battle as—"the blind leading the blind?"
Once, at a word addressed on High, for a fight the sun stood still,
And who shall say 'twas not Sunday ere the hosts had ceased to kill?
For the true Army Chaplain preaches—
"Fight—all must die;
But 'put your trust in Providence,
And keep your powder dry!"

ATTACKS UPON OUR POCKETS.

We must all pay for our little amusements; and as a probably protracted campaign comes under that head, Congress has kindly arranged to lighten our pockets for fast work by means of a Tax upon them. There is to be a Tax upon watches, for instance, which seems hard enough; and yet Attacks upon sentries—who are watches—seem to be looked upon as fair in war; so we must not grumble at that. A Tax upon private carriages don't seem to be quite so proper a proceeding, because there is a suggestion in that case, of the mask, and the horse-pistol, and the "stand and deliver" of the bold highwayman. A Tax on distilled spirits will also go into effect, we are told, from the first of April next. This we do not "see." Distilled spirits of the right quality, and judiciously tempered with the limpid element sometimes spoken of as water, is too good an article to be kept over for the celebration of All Fool's Day. We hope to have many Attacks upon it, ourselves, before the arrival of that auspicious anniversary. Attacks upon the rebel batteries may come into operation early in the winter, when we expect that our boys will Tax their powers to the utmost to pay the shot. Thus, with an Income Tax, also, Congress furnishes us with Tacks for nailing our flag to the mast.

Conundrum by a Misogynist.

Of all the kinds of *sense* that men have got,
Pray, name the sort the softer sex has not,
What! tell me now you do not see the force
Of my conundrum? *Reticence*, of course!

The Christian Duty of Military Blunderers.

Resignation.

Patriotic Boy.—SAY, SILKY, EF YER HAD A DOLLAR BILL NOW 'BOUT YER, WOULD YER BE SO MEAN TO COME DOWN ON DER BANKS FOR SPECIE FOR IT, SEEIN' HOW DEY'VE COME UP TO DER RACK FOR DE MINISTRATION, SAY?

Silky.—YER BETTER BELIEVE I WOULDN'T.

A Little Aged, but Fresh from Augustus.

As our own AUGUSTUS was promenading Broadway the other day, with the Misses AUGUSTINE and BELLA MATILDA, (of the *creme de la creme*,) a shower suddenly brought them to a halt under an awning.

"Let us on," said AUGUSTUS, bravely and defiantly, "we are neither sugar or salt that we should fear a shower!"

"No!" murmured the adorable BELLA, "but oh! AUGUSTUS dear, are we not lasses?"

The effect upon AUGUSTUS was thrilling and sublime, and nothing but the fact of the absence of the necessary material prevented him from calling an omnibus.

Neatness and Dispatch.

The famous *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, of CÆSAR, has more than once been quoted as a model of brevity and pith. And yet it is rivalled, if not excelled, by a dispatch forwarded just after the last great battle of the season, to a worthy corner-grocer of this city, by his son, serving in the Federal army: The dispatch referred to has been handed in for our inspection, inclosed in a gay *passe-partout*: it reads as follows:

"Bull Run—They Run—We Run."

"You can't make a Silk Purse," etc.

The Richmond press is showing its gentlemanly breeding by ridiculing (among others) the dress and manners of Mrs. CURTIS, from Rochester, N. Y., who is there to take care of her captive brother. We suppose this is another specimen of Southern Curtis-y.

The Soundest Plank in the War Platform.

The new Military Board.

"MARK THE PERFECT MAN."

We don't quarrel with people who call EDWARD EVERETT the perfectest man going; all we say is, we know a young man, barely thirty, who is as perfect as two of him. And his qualities aren't all negative, "neither." Our proof has nothing to do with shape, muscle, looks, or the ability to eat three pounds of beefsteak at a sitting; it relates solely to qualities of head and heart. Friends of the black man are assured we do not refer to W. TILMAN, the late successful executioner of three secessionists. Our favorite might, or might not, so conduct himself; but when we know that he is brave enough to dine at a cheap restaurant, brave enough to refrain from "treating the crowd," brave enough to decline being one in a crowd to be treated, brave enough to associate chiefly with poor men, brave enough to wear no better clothes than he can afford—and to carry a silver watch—why, we consider his courage demonstrated to a dot. Then he is honest enough to pay his landlady and washerwoman (severe test), courteous enough to treat waiters, conductors, and stage-drivers as though they were men of feeling, and sincere enough to mean pretty much all he says. But this is nothing wonderful; it might possibly be said of EVERETT, or even TILMAN. What we base the claim of our young friend on, is his *modesty*. The proof of its existence is both negative and positive. Thus, we may observe, he has never made an exhibition of himself. In this particular he is ahead of the two gentlemen we have named. But when we come to assert, with tears of admiration in our eyes, that *he doesn't think he excels at preparing the dressing for a salad*, one sees that he is quite alone: he is *the* perfect man. What is odd, while he is the first and last modest man we ever met, on the subject of salad dressing, he is the only one of all, who really *does* excel in that particular.

We don't know what we could add, by way of strengthening the case. It may be interesting, however, to know he won't condemn PATTERSON till he hears the other side; and he has never been particularly interested in the "Personal" advertisements of the *Herald*.

"I'M AFLOAT!"

The above snatch from a charming saline ballad has been ringing cheerily in our ears, ever since we read the lately published accounts of the great Stevens Floating Battery. Land-lubberly person though the writer of these remarks essentially is, he may probably be induced to follow the sea for a profession, when all ships come to be constructed on the principles of this great asylum for timid mariners. It must be a splendid thing to be captain, or even cabin-boy, of a vessel that possesses the power of diving under water, like a duck with a dog after it, when danger is on the larboard, or yarboard, or whatever they call it. The Stevens Battery is going to be capable of that, when finished; and also of coming up again, after the dive, drier than the interesting water-fowl of which we have just availed ourselves, and with her powder in good condition. In the construction of this vessel, however, so far as it has gone, it does appear to us that some unnecessary cruelty to somebody or something has been permitted. We are told that—"One of the Flanges is rivetted all round to the ship's side; the other is pinched for being rivetted to an inner skin." We do not know who or what these Flanges can be, but if they are children, Old Flange cannot be half a man or else he would speak to the policeman at Hoboken on the subject, and have the matter sifted. Not being possessed of a sufficient rolling-stock of choice nautical small-talk, we do not feel equal to pursuing this subject any further, at present. A Man of War, whose armor alone weighs 2000 tons, is not a fellow to be lightly spoken of. Nor is a Floating Battery a monster to be tickled into amiability by any amount of Boating Flattery.

Motto for a Pig of Lead.

"If the Rebellion continues, I wish I may be Shot!"

What the Flower of an Army Requires.

Its due.